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a zine (part I) about santa cruz summers

2006-2009

my friend k and i decided to move in together. she loved hello kitty and sleater kinney and shinobu. which is a really great local san jose band. but she wanted to move home for the summer, but her parents paid her summer rent. so one room was empty and i subletted it out for the extra $$$. and basically for one weird summer i had the punk apt. you know

the one where everyone stays at and bands tour through and crash on the floor. etc. and my friends rotated throgh for a week or two at a time. and my friend ashley had connected me to charlotte who was also staying in santa cruz for the summer. and she had a roommate named cristina and we were best friends. i smoked hookah for the first time and hated it. my apartment was cute enough. i grew tomatos on the patio and had vintage records as well decor. we had a giant mirror in the living room, which seems an odd choice for the apartments known as the “dorms part 2”. i dated ish. ha ha. the last summer of freedom, before i had to work in summers. bike rides, boardwalk hangs, getting drunk at the co-op

and one day my friend nick came over. he lived in san jose. i met him in some bay area aol chat room in high school. and he taught me how to make ramen. like the maruchan soy sauce one with added veggies and onions and tofu. damn so good!! we hung out and it was very very chill. i think his grandma lived in a trailer park in santa cruz or something. and i think i dropped him off there after we hung out. but i don’t know because i wouldn’t have had a car.

nick had a brother named jesse who was a "skinhead against racial prejudice" AKA SHARP. and he taught us about reggae music and oi and ska too! he's why i love the specials! well anyways, he died by suicide i think my senior year. it was super sad and i don't really remember much about it. other than it was not good. i lost touch with nick years and years ago. the last time i saw him he came over to make ramen. and we smoked cigarettes on the porch and ate tomatoes off the vine. sometimes it feels like a lifetime ago.

my first summer in santa cruz was a blast. charlotte lived down the street with her room mate cristina. our mutual friend ashley got us in touch over myspace when i was complaining about being lovely over the summer. i did not want to move home. i just wanted to work and chill. anyways, so charlotte and i hung out and instantly connected. i think because we're both sagitarrius and cool. i had met her like once before at a random house party, but we didn't really get to talk at the party. she was a scene kid turned hipster. but also liked punk rock. i'd go to hardcore shows w her and she joined me at punk shows. even the ones at zami co-op that were crust punk. our friend mikey lived at zami co-op. and one time the three of us ate vegan oreo cookies at charlotte's kitchen table. and mikey showed me that one youtube video lazy mondays with whats his face from snl. and mikey and i made out once but he wasn't interested in dating because he was poly or whatever. but we were cool, no hard feelings. now he's like a graphic designer or something in los angeles. lol. mikey was also good friends with cristina's boyfriend named ryan lee. there was also bryan leee but they were not related but were friends and lived at the anarchist house together. they also lived there with andy and anarcho will and two other people. and once when ashley was about to be homeless she lived there too. they made her a mini room in the living room. and that same living room is where i met L. we were sat on the left side facing the patio. it was a really fun time. who knew it would change my life forever. the poem i could write about partying at the anarchist house. there were also two co-ops, and technically three. although one was not official. i think. but at zami coop we saw a lot of great punk and folk punk music. and i even saw paul baribeau there. and kimya dawson. and one time charlotte's ex got punched in the face for being an aggro asshole. a few friends lived there. we also went to dinner there and parties!

2005

September 24 – March in San Francisco (and cities nationwide) against the war in Iraq and other causes. A few UCSC students are arrested – one of which is charged with 'jaywalking,' but more likely being associated with the black bloc. Another student is held for two nights, then released without charges after supporters call the S.F. District Attorney.

September 27 – Metro bus drivers (United Transportation Union Local 23) initiate a strike (that lasts 38 days) after the Transit Board, in an unprecedented move, rejects a deal previously negotiated between the union and the state

October 3 – SWCJ organizes 50+ students and workers to visit city councilmember, Transit Board member, and UCSC prof. Mike Rotkin's office, questioning him about his lack of support for Metro bus drivers, forcing them to go on strike. Rotkin admits the board made a bad decision.

October 7 – SWCJ organizes hundreds of students and workers in a march from campus to the Metro Center downtown, demanding an end to the bus strike by granting the union's demands. Once downtown, the crowd marched to the Santa Cruz Sentinel's offices where they spoke out against the Sentinel's poor coverage of the strike

October 18 – SAW organizes a Queer Kiss-In, involving two-dozen students, in front of military recruiters' tables at the fall job fair. Another 200 rally outside.

November 16-17 – Hundreds of students from all over the UC converge on UC Berkeley to protest the UC Regents' increase of student fees and top-administrative salaries as well as the need for affirmative action

2006

December 13 – MSNBC releases a document showing that the Pentagon has been spying on more than 1500 'suspicious incidents,' many of which were antiwar or counter- recruitment protests. On the list, SAW's April 5, 2005 counter-recruitment action, spied on by the Army's 902nd Military Intelligence Group, is listed as both "credible" and a "threat," the only college-based event to receive both designations. SAW releases a press release the next day, initiating what has come to be known as the Pentagon Spying Scandal

January 31 – After a hate crime on December 3, 2005, where Jewish Star of David signs are drawn with a "prohibited" symbol outside of three Stevenson dorms, the college responds by organizing a showing of the film Crash at the Event Center. Of 120 attendees, the majority were students of color, many talking about their own experiences with hate crimes and expressing concern about the lack of white students and administrators at the event. Others wondered why Crash was shown, seeing the film wasn't about anti-Semitism and used stereotypes. After the event - on February 15 - Stevenson House 1 is tagged with swastikas and a students picture defaced. Administrators respond by putting apology notices on doors

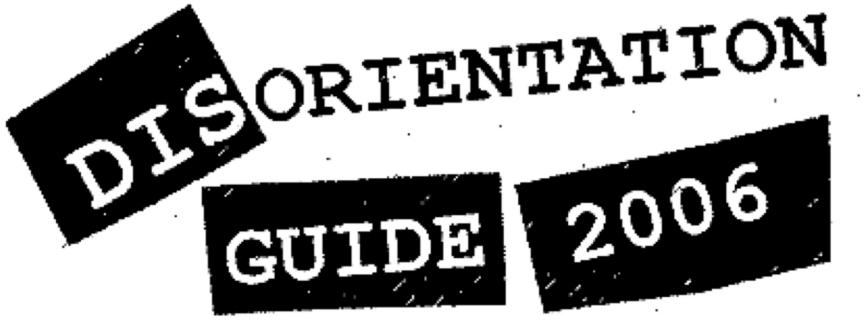
March 17 – Students Informing Now (S.I.N.), MEChA and the Watsonville Brown Berets organize more than 500 people in an immigrant rights march (against HR 4437) from the County Building, through Beach Flats and downtown

May 1 – May Day's "Day Without an Immigrant" sees upwards of ten million immigrants and their allies strike and rally across the country against HR4437 and for immigrant rights. A coalition of organizations including S.I.N., MEChA, SAW, SWCJ and others organize thousands of students and workers to march from campus to the clock tower downtown, where they meet up with thousands more who marched from Beach Flats. United, an estimated 5,000 people then march to San Lorenzo Park for a rally, in the largest protest in Santa Cruz since a pre-war antiwar march in 2003

2006

May 18 – The Annual Take Back the Night! event builds solidarity against gender-based violence by holding a rally, marching through campus, listening to slam poetry, and sharing testimonials

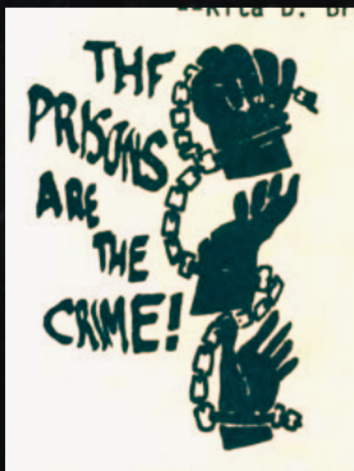
June 24 – Chancellor Denice Denton commits suicide in San Francisco. The day before, she had been discharged from a UCSF facility where she was being treated for depression.



UC SANTA CRUZ ACTIVISTS OCCUPY TREES TO PROTEST CAMPUS EXPANSION, 2007-2008

In I953, before I met your grandmother, I was stationed in fountainbleau france and one day the px (a store for the military} got a shipment of leicas, 35mm,rangefinder focus, and I rushed down to get one of the few . it was a great camera, but then came the rolliflex single lens reflex etc etc and when aunt jen went off to college in Connecticut I gave it to her. Unfortunately her dorm room was broken into and the camera disappeared. I hope the one who took it was into photography. It was a great camera for its time. gp

Sounds like dealing with depression, being a better person, and playing as fast as you can.



CO-OP

we spent most of summer 2006 doing not much at all. we all worked very part time, but mostly hung out during the day and bopped around town. coffee at perg's and sandiwches at the italian deli downtown. at night we went to shows, mostly punk or powerpop. some psychobilly shows because charlotte had a crush on emilio. i would go w her to hardcore and emo shows too. sometimes she was busy and i'd go by myself. we also spent a lot of time at zami co op and chavez co cop. and cristina and i would make art and talk about anarchism.santa cruz summers are the fucking best. the weather is beautiful.

i also remember buying records at streetlight and the other small shop on the corner. meta i think it was called? also there were so many bookstores downtown. i read a lot in those days. that summer i also started to hang out with the santa cruz punks. i met brandon and the last chordz. brandon and i were friends, now he hates me. noah and i were friends. now he hates me. the last chordz were the best fucking band. it makes me sad that shit went the way it did. it still gives me a great deal of anxiety to think about. i try not to think of it that often.

I MISS GOING TO THE BEACH TO CLEAR MY HEAD.

RUDE.GIRL.RAGE & MICHELLE RIOT
PRODUCTIONS PRESENT:

THIRD WAVE WEEKEND

FEATURING:

MONKEY

JUSTIFI

THE LUXURY SWEETS

HOBO EROTIC

THE JOKES

THE LAST CHORDZ

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

THE ORSESSORS

MAY 18, 2007

FREE SHOW!

UC SANTA CRUZ
PORTER COLLEGE QUAD
3:00PM

MORE INFO/DIRECTIONS:
MYSPACE.COM/MICHELLE_RIOT

SANTA CRUZ
GIANT
DIPPER

Caffee Pergolesi was the coffee shop for punks, hipsters, townies, and pretty much everyone who needed that “third place” everyone talks about nowadays. I could walk from my first apartment in santa cruz. this was super nice and convenient. i would order ice tea or sometimes an italian soda. oh and chai too. a lot of bike punks worked their. you could always find someone to say hi to.

I was a "late bloomer" when it comes to being a Smiths fan. No one I knew really listened to that style, and I was also embarassingly "too punk" to listen to "those bands". In 2009 tragedy struck. I guess one could call it a "mental breakdown". It was a crazy time. Everything changed.

that year i was 22. my friend J made me a mix cd to cheer me up. The song Ask was on it, and it instantly caught my attention. Who is that? The Smiths. Oh shit, I didn't realize they were good. They made me another CD with all Smiths songs. A 2009 version of Spotify Smiths Essentials. I loved that CD. That band got me through one of the hardest times of my life.

Shyness is ce, and
shyness can stop you
From doing all the
things th

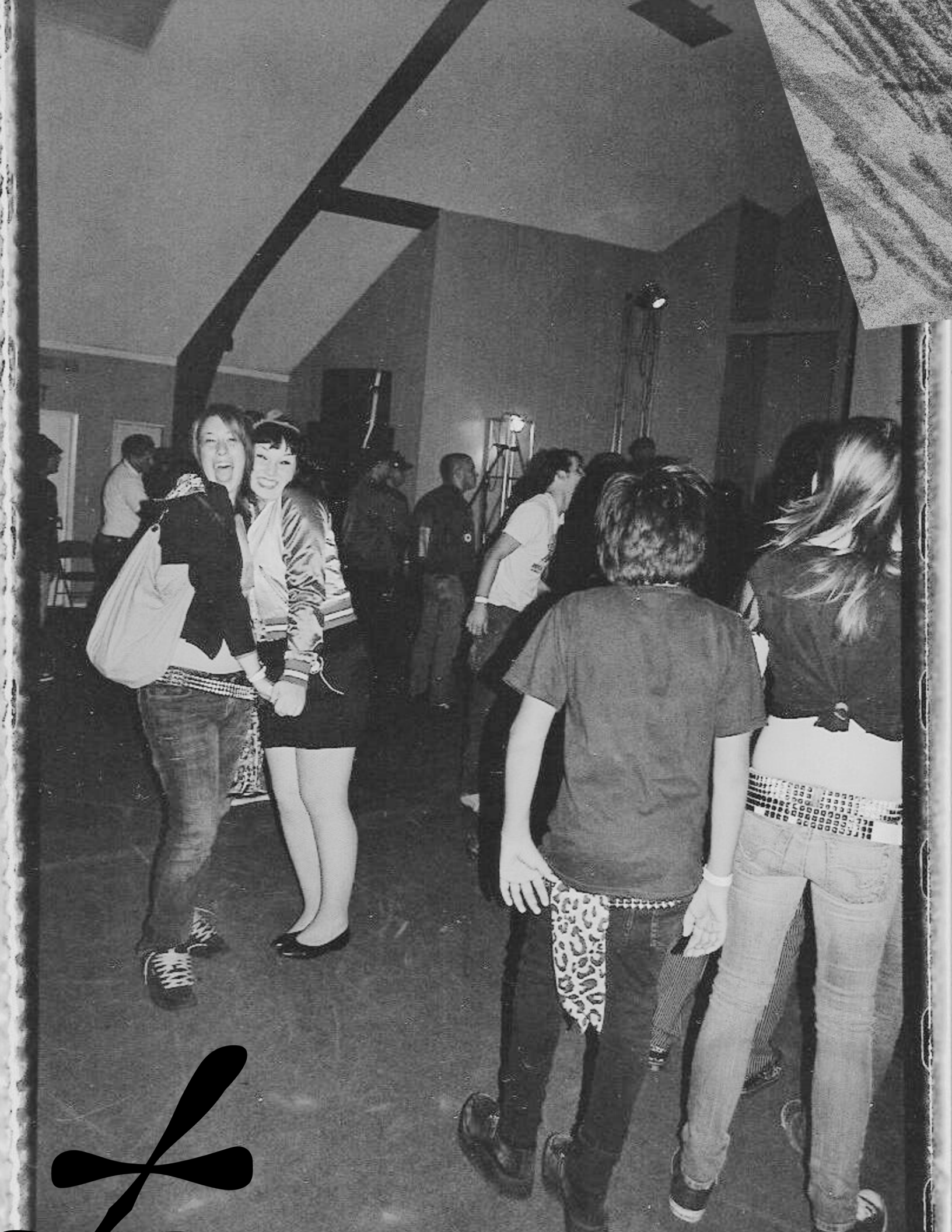
FUCK MORRISSEY!!!

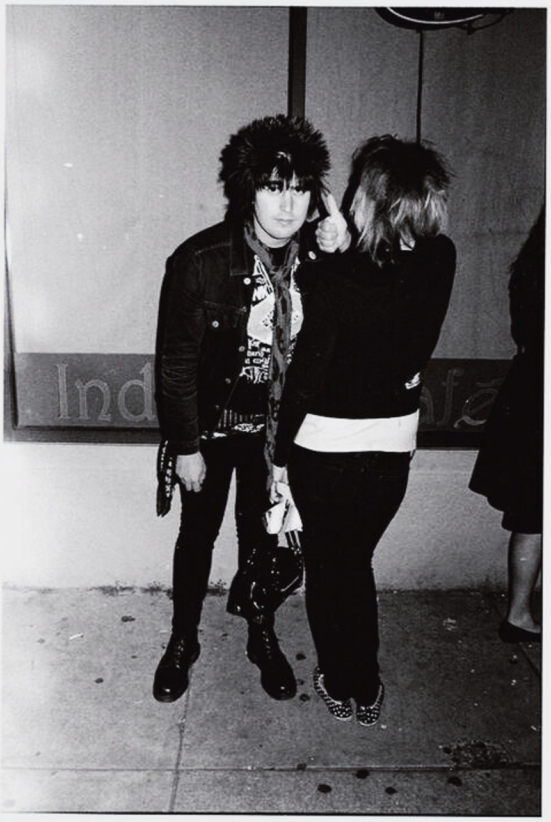
it fucking sucks when a band member does something shitty. the feeling of disappointment is palpable especially when you love them.

in 2016 i started dating N. He hated the Smiths. He hated everything. We never even listened to much music because everything I put on, he would criticize. The only music he liked was is, Oi. Oi music is tragically boring. Angry white boys chanting about working class bullshit when most of them have degrees. Yawn. He hated the Smiths and wouldn't allow me to listen to them. This was also the year Morrissey's racism was on the uptick. I didn't want to support him (knowing every internet listen was $$$ in his pocket. it fucking sucks when yr

favorite band becomes assholes. it's not the first time a band went sour. but it sucks every time. the memories the music holds. the tragedy of it all

NOISE REDUCTION
ON
OFF





we met in 2005 or 2006, i can't remember. your band the last chordz played a show at the attic. i knew your band from myspace. at the time brandon and i were friends, but now he hates me. i know why. i tried to apologize, no response. i had a huge crush on you, but it turned out you were married with a kid. i was confused by why you were married to her, but whatever. i let it go, moved on. years and years later. 2016 to be exact, we ran into each other at trader joe's in campbell. you were the cashier. shoot the shit. i gave you my number for coffee. assumed you were still married. with a kid. turns out you were divorced with two kids. you were nice to me. you drove a broken down mini van. dressed like a grown up SHARP. we met for coffee. i fell in love. i was at the worst point in my life. you made me happy. on our first date at the coffee chocolate spot in downtown campbell. you brought me an orange flower. i thought that was sweet. you had to leave to pick up your kids from school. i thought that was sweet. who knew it would turn into the worst relationship of my life. abuse.

we wanted to fix each other. i wanted you to be someone you couldn't be, who you are now. you wanted me to be someone i couldn't be, who i am now. wrong time wrong place. you were my soul mate, but it just didn't pan out.you started to resent me. anger set in. paranoa. abuse. zero out of ten recommend. you were so mean to me. we spent a lot of time in santa cruz tho. i miss that. i miss your ramen. that's pretty much it. you never had a nice thing to say to me. you made me feel like shit. i feel bad for your new partner. i hope she is okay. you were sober, now you're not. that is wild to me. you hated scenes, now you're in one. you go to shows. i don't even recognize you anymore. it's like you morphed into someone new. you hated how nice i was. so weird. it's weird to see you with tattoos. it's like a whole other person. you dumped me at the beginning of the pandemic. you're a piece of shit. it's weird to think we went from hanging out at shows in santa cruz, to being engaged, to being nothing. you've blocked me. like i never even existed. was it all just a dream? you live in nyc, a place you hate. you'll probably never go back to california or san jose or santa cruz. it's like a whole part of your life is gone. im grateful i get to experience the meemories; good bad and everything in between.